

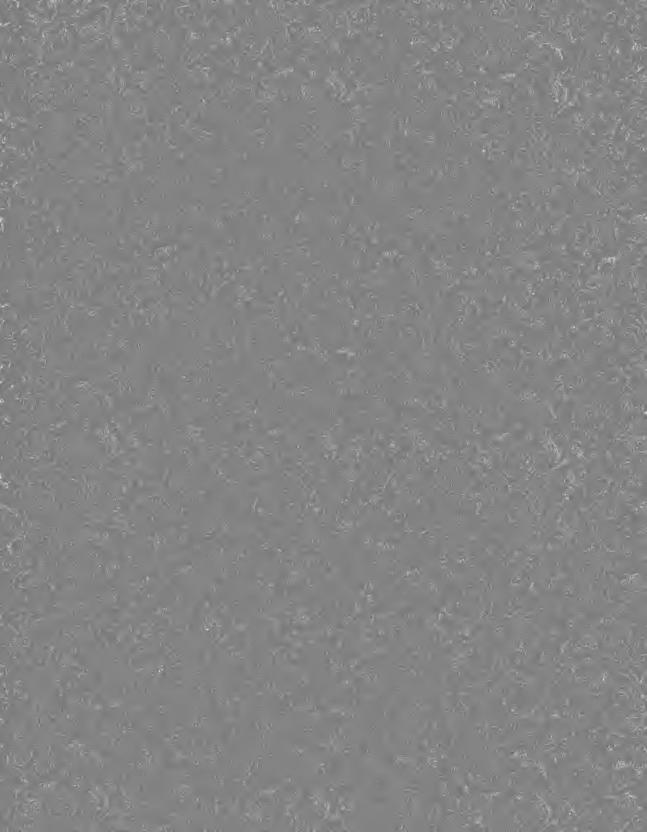
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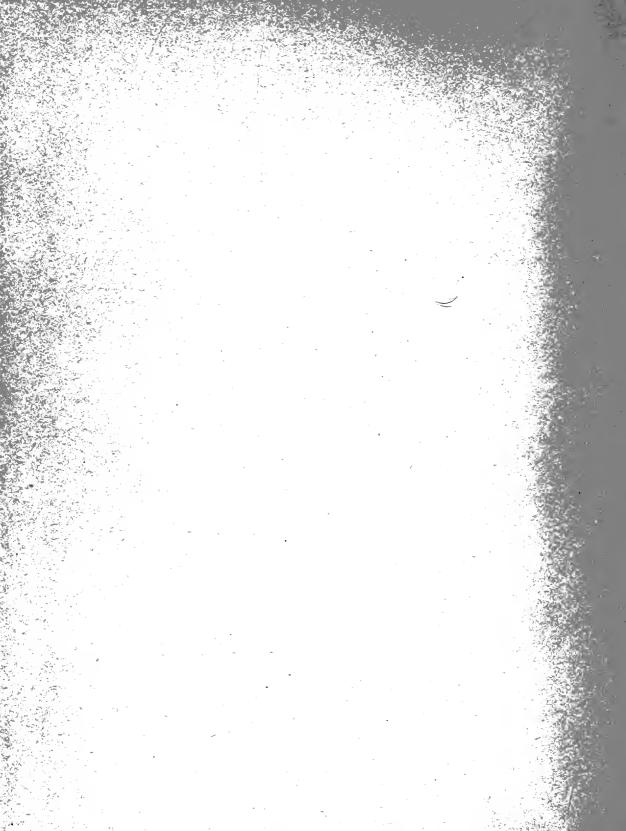
OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Class

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AUMORS LOOKING GLASSE

BY

SANDRY MOVILANDS

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H V M O R S LOOKING Glafse.



LONDON.
Imprinted by Ed. Allde for VVilliam Ferebrand and are to be fold at his Shop in the popes-head Pallace, right ouer against the Tauerne-dore.

1608.

CALIFORN









To his verie Louing Friend Master George Lee.

E Steemed friend, I pray thee take it kinde,
That outward action beares an inward minde,
What objects heere these papers do deliver,
Bestow the viewing of them for the giver.
I make thee a partaker of strange sights,
Drawne antique works of humours vaine delights.
A mirrour of the mad conceited shapes,
Of this our ages giddy-headed apes,
These fast on mongers, selfe besotted men
Of kindred to the fowle that wore my pen,
Are at an howers warning to appeare,
And muster in sixe sheetes of Paper heere.
And this is all at this time I bestow,
To evidence a greater love I owe.

Yours Samvel ROWLANDS.

A 2





Reader.

S many antique faces passe, 1 From Barbers chaire vnto his glaffe, There to beholde their kinde of trim, And how they are reform'd by him, Or at Exchang where Marchants greete, Confusion of the tongues do meete, As English, French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and Scot'sh, with divers fuch. So from the Presse these papers come To show the humorous shapes of some. Heere are fuch faces good and bad, As in a Barbers shop are had, And heere are tongues of divers kindes, According to the speakers mindes. Beholde their fashions, heare their voice, And let discretion make thy choice.

SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

Some





C Ome man that to contention is inclin'de; With any thing he fees, a fault wil finde, As, that is not fo good, the fame's amisse, I have no great affection vnto this. Now I protest I doe not like the same, This must be mended, that deserveth blame, It were farre better fuch a thing were out, This is obscure, and that's as full of doubt. And much adoe, and many words are fpent In finding out the path that humours went, And for direction to that Idle way Onely a busie tongue bears all the sway. The dish that Aesope did commend for best; Is now a daies in wonderfull request, But if you finde fault on a certaine ground, Weele fall to mending when the fault is found,

A 3

Pra'y





PRa'y by your leaue, make moussieur humors roome That oft hath walk'd about Duke Humphries And sat amongst the Knights to see a play, (tombe And gone in's suite of Sattin eu'ry day, And had his hat display a bushie plume, And's verie beard deliuer forth persume. But when was this? aske Frier Bacons head That answered Time is past, O time is sted! Sattin and silke was pawned long agoe, And now in canuase, no knight can him knowe. His former state, in dark obliuion sleepes, Onely Paules Gallarie, that walke he keepes.

Epigram.

Rosse not my humor, with an ill plac'd worde,
For if thou doest, behold my fatall sworde:
Do'ft see my countenance begin looke red?
Let that fore-tell ther's furie in my hed.
A little discontent will quickely heate it.
Touch not my stake, thou wert as good to eate it,
These damned dice how cursed they deuoure:
I lost some halfe score pound in halfe an houre.

A bowle



A bowle of wine, firha: you villaine, fill: Who drawes it Rascall? call me hether Will. You Rogue, what ha'st to Supper for my dyet? Tel'st me of Butchers meate? knaue I defie it. Ile haue a banquet to enuite an Earle, A Phænix boyld in broth distil'd in Pearle. Holde drie this lease, a candle quickly bring, Ile take one pipe to bed, none other thing. Thus with Tabacco he will sup to night: Flesh-meate is heauie, and his purse is light.

Epigram.

Two Gentlemen of hot and fierie fprite,
Tooke boate, and went vp Westward to goe fight
Imbarked both, for Wens-worth they set faile,
And there arising with a happie gaile,
The Water-men discharged for their fare,
Then to be parted, thus their mindes declare.
Pray Ores (said they) stay heere and come not nie,
We goe to fight a little, but heere by.
The Water-men with staues did follow then,
And cryd, oh holde your hands good Gentlemen,
You know the danger of the law, forbeare:
So they put weapons vp and fell to sweare.

One



Ne of these Cuccold-making Queanes did graft her hufbands head: who arm'd with anger, steele and horne would kill him ftain'd his bed, And challeng'd him vnto the field, Vowing to haue his life, Where being met, firha (quoth he,) I doe fuspect my Wife Is fcarce fo honest as she should, You make of her fome vse: Indeed faid he I loue her well, He frame no false excuse. O! d'ye confesse? by heauens (quoth he) Had'ft thou deni'de thy guilt, This blade had gone into thy guts, Euen to the verie Hilt.

Occasion.





Ccasion late was ministred for one to trie his friend, Tenpoundshedid intreat him ytof all loue he would His case was an accursed case, no comfort to be found, (led Vnles he friendly drew his purse, & blest him with te poud He did protest he had it not, making a solemne vow, He wated means & money both, to do him pleasure now. The sir (quoth he) you know I have a Gelding I loue wel, Necessitie it hath no law, I must my Gelding sell, I have bin offered twelve for him, with ten ile be cotent, Well I will trie a friend (said he,) it was his chest he ment. So seetch'd the money presently, tother sees Angels shine Now God amercy horse (quoth he) thy credit's more then (mine.

B Dice





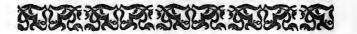
Dice diving deepe into a Ruffians purse,
Leaving it nothing worth but strings and leather:
He presently did fall to sweare and curse,
That's life and money he would loose together,
Tooke of his hat, and swore, let me but see
What Rogue dares say this same is blacke to me?

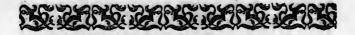
Another loft, and he did money lacke, And thus his furie in a heate reviues: Where is that Rogue denies his hat is blacke? Ile fight with him, had he ten thousand lives. Oh fir (quoth he) in troth you come too late, Choller is past, my anger's out of date.

Epigram.

A Kinde of London-walker in a boote,
(Not George a Horfe-backe, but a Gerge a foote,)
On eu'ry day you meete him through the yeare,
For's bootes and fpurs, a horfe-man doth appeare.
Was met with, by an odde conceited ftranger,
Who friendly told him that he walk'd in danger.

For





For Sir (in kindenes no way to offend you)
There is a warrant foorth to apprehend you.
Th'offence they fay, you riding through thee streete,
Haue kil'd a Childe, vnder your Horses feete.
Sir I protest (quoth he) they doe me wrong,
I haue not back'd a horse, God knows how long,
What slaues be these, they haue me false bely'd?
Ile prooue this twelue-month I did neuer ride.

Epigram.

Hat feather'd fowle is this that doth approach As if it were an *Eftredge* in a Coach? Three yards of feather round about her hat, And in her hand a bable like to that:
As full of Birdes attire, as Owle, or Goofe, And like vnto her gowne, her felfe feemes loofe.
Cri'ye mercie Ladie, lewdnes are you there?
Light feather'd ftuffe befits you beft to weare.

B 2 A Poore





A deafe eare, in a inst cause.

(state,

A Poore man came vnto a Iudge & shew'd his wronged Entreating him for Iesus sake to be compassionate, Thewrogs were great he did sustaine, he had no help at al The Iudge sat still as if the man had spoken to the wall. With that came two rude fellows in, to haue a matter tride About an Asse, that one had let the other for to ride: (by, Which Asse the owner found in field, as he by chance past And he that hired him a sleepe did in the shadow lye. For which he would be satisfied, his beast was but to ride: And for the shadow of his Asse, he would be paid beside. Great raging words, and damned othes,

these two asse-wrangles swore, (fore Whē presently the Iudge start vp, that seem'd a sleep be-And heard ye follies willingly of these two sottish men, But bad the poore man come againe, he had no leasure the. A Iolly

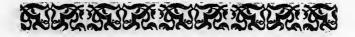


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Epigram.

Iolly fellow Effex borne and bred, A Farmers Sonne, his Father being dead, T'expell his griefe and melancholly passions, Had yowd himfelfe to trauell and fee fashions. His great mindes object was no trifling toy, But to put downe the wandring Prince of Troy. Londons discouerie first he doth decide, His man must be his Pilot and his guide. Three miles he had not past, there he must sit: He ask't if he were not neere London yet? His man replies good Sir your felfe besturre, For we have yet to goe fixe times as farre. Alas I had rather stay at home and digge, I had not thought the worlde was halfe fo bigge. Thus this great worthie comes backe (thoewith strife) He neuer was fo farre in all his life. None of the feauen worthies: on his behalfe, Say, was not he a worthie Effex Calfe?

B 3 A Gentleman.





The Humors that haunt a Wife.

Gentleman a verie friend of mine, Hath a young wife and the is monstrous fine. Shee's of the new fantastique humor right, In her attire an angell of the light. Is the an Angell? I: it may be well, Not of the light, she is a light Angell. Forfooth his doore must fuffer alteration. To entertaine her mightie huge Bom-fashion, A hood's to base, a hat which she doth male, With brauest feathers in the Estridge tayle. She scornes to treade our former proud wives traces. That put their glory in their on faire faces, In her conceit it is not faire enough, She must reforme it with her painters stuffe, And she is neuer merry at the heart, Till she be got into her leatherne Cart. Some halfe amile the Coach-man guides the raynes, Then home againe, birladie she takes paines. My friend feeing what humours haunt a wife, If he were loofe would lead a fingle life.

Next



TO SELECT SELECTION SELECTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

A poore Mans pollicy.

NExt I will tell you of a poore mans tricke, Which he did practife with a polliticke, This poore man had a Cow twas all his stocke, Which on the Commons fed: where Catell flocke, The other had a steere a wanton Beast, Which he did turne to feede amongst the rest. Which in processe although I know not how, The rich mans Oxe did gore the poore mans Cow. The poore man heereat vexed waxed fad, For it is all the liuing that he had, And he must loose his living for a song, Alas he knew not how to right his wrong. He knew his enemie had pointes of law, To faue his purfe, fill his deuouring mawe, Yet thought the poore man how fo it betide, Ile make him giue right fentence on my fide. Without delay vnto the Man he goes, And vnto him this fayned tale doth gloze, (Quoth he) my Cow which with your Oxe did feede, Hath kild your Oxe and I make knowne the deede. Why (quoth my Politique) thou shouldst have helpt it Thou shalt pay for him if thow wert my father. (rather, The



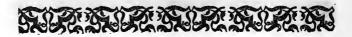


The course of law in no wise must be stayde, Least I an euill president be made.

O Sir (quoth he) I cry you mercy now,
I did mistake, your Oxe hath gorde my Cow:
Conuict by reason he began to brawle,
But was content to let his action fall.
As why? (quoth he) thou lookst vnto her well,
Could I preuent the mischiefe that befell?
I haue more weightie causes now to trie,
Might orecomes right without a reason why.

Epigram.

Ne of the damned crew that liues by drinke, And by Tobacco's stillified stink, Met with a Country man that dwelt at Hull: Thought he this pefant's fit to be my Gull. His first salute like to the French-mans wipe, Wordes of encounter, please you take a pipe? The Countrie man amazed at this rabble, Knewe not his minde yet would be conformable. Well, in a petty Ale-house they ensconce His Gull must learne to drinke Tobacco once.



THE REPORT OF THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

Indeede his purpose was to make a iest, How with Tobacco he the peafant dreft. Hee takes a whiffe, with arte into his head, The other standeth still astonished. Till all his fences he doth backe reuoake. Sees it afcend much like Saint Katherins fmoake. But this indeede made him the more admire, He faw the smoke: thought he his head's a fier, And to increase his feare he thought poore soule, His fcarlet nose had been a firie cole. Which circled round with fmoak, feemed to him Like to fome rotten brand that burneth dim. But to fhew wisdome in a desperat case, He threw a Can of beere into his face, And like a man some furie did inspire, Ran out of doores for helpe to quench the fire. The Ruffin throwes away his Trinidado, Out comes huge oathes and then his fhort poynado, But then the Beere fo troubled his eyes, The countrieman was gone ere he could rife, A fier to drie him, he doth now require, Rather than water for to quench his fire.





Ome my braue gallant come, vncase, vncase, Nere shall obliuion your great actes deface. He has been there where neuer man came yet, An vnknowne countrie, I, ile warrant it, Whence he could Ballace a good ship in holde, With Rubies, Saphiers, Diamonds and golde, Great Orient Pearles esteem'd no more then moates, Sould by the pecke as chandlers mefure oates, I meruaile then we have no trade from thence: O tis too farre it will not beare expence. T'were far indeede, a good way from our mayne, If charges eate vp fuch excessive gaine, Well he can fhew you fome of Lybian grauell, O that there were another world to trauell, I heard him fweare that hee (twas in his mirth) Had been in all the corners of the earth.

Let





Let all his wonders be together stitcht, He threw the barre that great Alcides pitcht: But he that faw the Oceans farthest strands. You pose him if you aske where Douer stands. He has been vnder ground and hell did fee, Aeneas nere durst goe so farre as hee. For he has gone through Plutas Regiment, Saw how the Fiendes doe Lyers there torment. And how they did in helles damnation frye, But who would thinke the Traueller would lye? To dine with Pluto he was made to tarrie, As kindly vs'd as at his Ordinarie. Hogsheades of wine drawne out into a Tub. Where he did drinke hand-smooth with Belzebub, And Proferpine gaue him a goulden bow, Tis in his cheft he cannot shew it now.

C 2

One toulde





Of one that consned the Cut-purse.

Ne toulde a Drouer that beleeu'd it not, What booties at the playes the Cut-purfe got, But if t'were fo my Drouers wit was quicke, He vow'd to ferue the Cut-purse a new tricke. Next day vnto the play, pollicy hy'd, A bag of fortie shillings by his side, Which houlding fast he taketh vp his stand, If stringes be cut his purse is in his hand. A fine conceited Cut-purfe fpying this, Lookt for no more, the for shillings his, Whilst my fine Politique gazed about, The Cut-purfe feately tooke the bottom out. And cuts the strings, good foole goe make a iest, This Difmall day thy purfe was fairely bleft. Houlde fast good Noddy tis good to dreade the worfe, Your monie's gone, I pray you keepe your purse. The play is done and foorth the foole doth goe, Being glad that he cousned the Cut-purse soe. He thought to jybe how he the Cut-purse drest, And memorize it for a famous iest. But putting in his hand it ran quite throw Dash't the conceite, heele neuer speake on't now, You that to playes have fuch delight to goe, The Cut-purse cares not, still deceive him so.

Dicke,



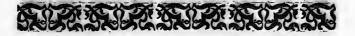


A drunken fray.

Icke met with Tom in faith it was their lot, Two honest Drunkars must goe drinke a pot, Twas but a pot, or fay a little more, Or fay a pot that's filled eight times ore. But being drunke, and met well with the leefe, They drinke to healthes devoutly on their knees, Dicke drinks to Hall, to pledge him Tom rejects, And fcornes to doe it for some odde respects Wilt thou not pledge him than't a gill, a Scab, Wert with my man-hood thou deseruest a stab, But tis no matter drinke another bout. Weele intot'h field and there weele trie it out. Lets goe (faies Tom) no longer by this hand, Nay stay (quoth Dicke(lets fee if we can stand. Then forth they goe after the drunken pace, Which God he knowes was with a reeling grace, Tom made his bargaine, thus with bonnie Dicke If it should chance my foote or so should slip, How wouldst thou vse me or after what Size. Wouldst bare me shorter or wouldst let me rife. Nay God forbid our quarrells not fo great, To kill thee on advantage in my heat.

C 3

Tush

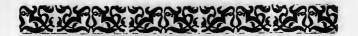




Tush we'le not fight for any hate or soe, But for meere loue that each to other owe. And for thy learning loe Ile shew a tricke, No fooner fpoke the worde but downe comes Dicke, Well now (quoth Tom) thy life hangs on my fworde, If I were downe how wouldst thou keepe thy worde? Why with these hilts I'de braine thee at a blow, Faith in my humor cut thy throate, or foe, But Tom he scorne to kill his conquered foe, Lets Dicke arife, and too't againe they goe. Dicke throwes downe Tom, or rather Tom did fall, My hilts (quoth Dicke) shall braine thee like a maull, Is't fo (quoth Tom) good faith what remedie, The Tower of Babell's fallen and fo am I. But Dicke proceedes to give the fatall wound, It mist his throate, but run into the ground. But he supposing that the man was slaine, Straight fled his contrie, thip himfelfe for Spaine, Whilft valiant Thomas dyed dronken deepe. Forgot his danger and fell fast a sleepe.

What's





/Hat's he that stares as if he were afright; The fellowe fure hath feene fome dreadfull Masse rightly guest, why sure I did diuine, Hee's haunted with a Spirit feminine. In plaine termes thus, the Spirit that I meane, His martiall wife that notable curft queane, No other weapons but her nailes or fift, Poore patient Idiot he dares not refift, His neighbor once would borrow but his knife, Good neighbor stay (quoth he) ile aske my wife: Once came he home inspired in the head, He found his neighbor and his wife a bed, Yet durst not sturre, but hide him in a hole. He feared to displease his wife poore soule. But why should he so dreade and feare her hate, Since she had given him armor for his pate? Next day forfooth he doth his neighbor meete. Whome with sterne rage thus furiously doth greete, Villaine ile slit thy nose, out comes his knife, Sirra (quoth he) goe to Ile tell your wife. Apaled at which terror, meekely faide Retire good knife my furie is allaide.

Time





Proteus.

Ime feruing humour thou wrie-faced Ape, That canst transforme thy selfe to any shape: Come good Proteus come away a pace, We long to fee thy mumping Antique face. This is the fellow that lives by his wit, A cogging knaue and fawning Parrafit, He has behaviour for the greatest porte, And hee has humors for the rafcall forte. He has beene great with Lordes and high estates, They could not live without his rare conceites, He was affociat for the brauest spirits, His galland carriage fuch fauour merrits. Yet to a Ruffiin humor for the stewes. A right graund Captaine of the damned crewes, With whome his humor alwayes is vnftable Mad, melancholly, drunke and variable.

Hat





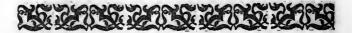
Hat without band like cutting Dicke he goe's, Renowned for his new invented oathes. Sometimes like a Ciuilian, tis strange At twelve a clocke he must vnto the Change, Where being thought a Marchant to the eye, He tels strange newes his humor is to lie. Some Damaske coate the effect thereof must heare, Inuites him home and there he gets good cheare. But how is't now fuch braue renowned wits, Weare ragged robes with fuch huge gaftly flits, Faith thus a ragged humour he hath got Whole garments for the Summer are too hot. Thus you may cenfure gently if you pleafe, He weares fuch garments onely for his eafe. Or thus his credit will no longer wave. For all men know him for a prating knaue.

Epigram.

A Scholer newly entred marriage life
Following his studdie did offend his wife,
Because when she his company expected,
By bookish busines she was still neglected:
Comming vnto his studdy, Lord (quoth she)
Can papers cause you loue them more than mee:

I would





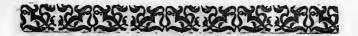
I would I were transform'd into a Booke
That your affection might vpon me looke,
But in my wish, withall be it decreed,
I would be such a Booke you loue to reede,
Husband (quoth she) which books form should I take,
Marry (said hee) t'were best an Almanacke,
The reason wherefore I doe wish thee so,
Is, euery yeare wee haue a new you knowe.

Epigram.

Sira, come hether boy, take view of mee,
My Lady I am purpof'd to goe fee:
What doth my feather flourish with a grace,
And this same dooble fette become my face,
How descent doth this doublets forme appeare
(I would I had my sute in houns-ditch heere)
Do not my spurs pronounce a siluer sounde?
Do's not my hose circumserence prosounde?
Sir these are well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Tailour with a sheete of paper bill,
Vowes heel'e be paid, and Serieants he had feed,
Which wayte your comming forth to do thy deede:
Boy god-amercy let my Lady stay,
Ile see no counter for her sake to day.

A





Much a doe about chusing a wife.

A Widdower would have a wife were old,
Past charge of children to prevent expense
Her chests and bagges cram'd till they crake with gold,
And she vnto her grave post quickly hence,
But if all this were sitting to his minde,
Where is his lease of life to stay behinde?

A Batcheler would have wife were wife,
Faire, Rich and Younge, a maiden for his bed,
Not proude, nor churlish but of fautles size,
A country housewise, in the Citty bred.
But hees a soole and longe in vaine hath staide,
He shoulde bespeake her, there's none ready made

D 2

The





The taming of a wilde Youth.

F late a deare and louing friend of mine,
That all his time a Gallant youth had bene,
From mirth to melancholy did decline,
Looking exceeding pale, leane, poore, and thin,
I ask'd the cause he brought me through the streete,
Vnto his house, and there hee let me see,
A woman proper, faire, wise and discreete
And said behould, heer's that hath tamed mee,
Hath this (quoth I,) can such a wife do so?
Lord how is he tam'd then, that hath a shrow:

A straunge



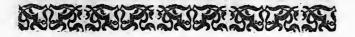


A straunge sighted Traueller.

N honest Country foole being gentle bred, Mas by an odde conceited humor led, To trauell and fome English fashions see, With fuch strange fights as heere at London be. Stuffing his purse with a good golden some, This wandring knight did to the Cittie come, And there a feruingman he entertaines, An honester in Newgate not remaines. He shew'd his Maister fights to him most strange, Great tall Pauls Steeple and the royall-Exchange: The Bosse at Billings-gate and London-stone And at White-Hall the monstrous great Whales bone, Brought him to the banck-fide where Beares do dwell And vnto *Shor-ditch* where the whores keepe hell, Shew'd him the Lyons, Gyants in Guild-Hall, King Lud at Lud-gate, the Babounes and all, At length his man, on all he had did pray, Shew'd him a theeuish trick and ran away, The Traueller turnd home exceeding civill, And fwore in London he had feene the Deuill.

D 3

Three





Three kinde of Couckoldes,

One, And None.

First there's a Cuckolde called One and None, Which soole, from fortune hath receiv'd such He hath a wife for beutie stands alone, (fauour Grac'd with good carriage, and most sweete behaviour Nature so bounteous hath her gifts extended.

From head to soote ther's nothing to be mended.

Befides, fhe is as perfect chaft, as faire,
But being married to a iealous affe,
He vowes fhe hornes him, for he feeles a paire
Haue bin a growing euer fince last graffe,
No contrary perswasions hee'l indure,
But's wife is faire and hee's a Cuckolde fure.





The second.

None, and One.

The fecond hath a wife that loues the game, And playes the fecret cunnig whore at plaifure. But in her husbands fight fhees wondrous tame, Which makes him vow, he hath *Vliffes* treafure. fheele wish al whores were hang'd, with weeping teares Yet she her felfe a whores cloathes dayly weares.

Her husbāds friends report how's wife doth gull him With false deceitfull and dissembling showe And that by both his hornes a man may pull him, To such a goodly length they daylie growe, He sayes they wrong her, and he sweares they lye, His wife is chaste, and in that minde hee'le dye.

The





The Third,

One, and One.

The third is he that knowes women are weake, And therefore they are dayly apt to fall, Words of vnkindnesse their kind hearts may breake, They are but flesh and therefore sinners all, His wife is not the first hath trod a wry, Amongst his neighbours he as bad can spye.

What can he helpe it if his wife do ill,
But take it as his croffe and be content,
For quietneffe he lets her haue her will,
When shee is old perhaps she will repent,
Let euery one amend their one bad life,
Th'are knaues and queans that medle with his wife.

FINIS.





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